

## BIG FESTIVAL AT TAOS, NEW MEXICO

Many Visitors and Gaily Clothed Indians Attend Annual Celebration of Most Ancient Indian Holiday.

Taos, N. M., Sept. 30.—The rising sun today saw the beginning of the celebration of the annual Harvest Festival, or feast of San Geronimo, by the residents of the ancient communal dwelling of Taos, inhabited by Pueblo Indians. Late in the afternoon with the setting of the sun, the feast was to end with the dancing of the famous sun-dance in honor of the sun-god and in thanksgiving for the bountiful harvests of the year.

Interspersed with the gaily clothed Indians were visitors from near and far who came to witness the annual celebration which is one of the most ancient Indian holidays in the southwest. A modern and ancient civilization thus met cheek by jowl, for the Indians have changed their mode of life little since the communal dwelling first was built, according to the best available sources of information.

Part of the celebration was composed of a fair, a line of booths, decorated gaily in the Indian fashion, having been built in the pueblo plaza. Purchasing the wares there displayed formed a large part of the pleasures of the day. Here were sold Apache woven baskets, Hopi blankets and Pueblo wicker and earthenware, all painted or woven in the gayest colors and in a fashion peculiar to these Indians for centuries.

The harvest feast really began long before the rising of the sun for the Indians were early and preparing for the greatest day of the year. The rising of the sun, however, was the signal for the real beginning of the celebration, including the raising of the offering-pole in the center of the pueblo plaza on which nimble Taosians hang the harvest offerings, melons, bread and of slain sheep.

The raising of the offering-pole was followed on the program by the early mass to which all the Indians go, dressed in their gayest clothes, in the little chapel where a Spanish padre ministers to their spiritual welfare, the chapel being also gaily decorated. Later in the afternoon another mass was to be held, this being just before the beginning of the sun dance in which the trained dancers of the tribe take part.

One of the interesting features of the celebration, especially to the visitors, is the symbolic painting. These consist of rather crude paintings in the sand, of which there are many different colors no other implement or brush being used than a small flat stick. The paintings themselves are done in a sort of sign writing and are supposed to tell the history of the tribe and the great deeds of famous Taosians.

Tonight are to be held the real mysteries of the festival, in the kiva, or ceremonial caverns underground are held those rites which none except the initiated ever attend. Only one white man is believed ever to have witnessed these ceremonies which are believed to be as ancient as the tribe itself and to have been handed down from generation to generation long before the coming of the Spaniards three centuries ago.

The sun dance in the low rays of the setting sun and early twilight to an end.

## RELIGION ENTERS BORDER REGIMENT

El Paso, Tex., Sept. 30.—In the great army of guardsmen from all the states scattered along the Mexican frontier, there is one regiment that stands apart from the rest by reason of its individuality. The others are more or less of the same mold, with the same manners, speech, slang, and the same kind of life. But the 2nd Kentucky Infantry goes its own quaint way, unaffected by rag-time, fox-trots, vaudeville jokes and sensations of the Sunday supplements.

"In no other regiment could you see a thing like this," said one of its officers. "A long-legged, long-armed lanky sentry, with the fringe of a rifle, a shoulder, squirrel-bust fashion, while with his free hand he held a testament, which he read to himself with a weather eye on the colonel's tent he was ordered to guard."

The idea that military regulations with interfere with his devotional duties, never entered the head of the sentry, the officer explained, adding that he had in a sentry a soldier of old fighting stock, who took his call to arms in the same seriousness as he took his religion.

The second Kentucky is encamped with the Kentucky brigade on the sage brush plains back of Fort Bliss, six miles from El Paso. Its rows of khaki tents and other externals are quite like those of all other well regulated camp. But approaching the lines,

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## LIBERTY A ROMANCE OF OLD MEXICO

by H. H. VAN LOAN

NOVELIZED FROM THE PHOTOPLAY SERIAL OF THE SAME NAME, RELEASED BY THE UNIVERSAL FILM MANUFACTURING COMPANY

### SYNOPSIS.

Liberty Horton, American heiress and owner of a large Mexican estate, is captured and held for ransom by Pancho Lopez, a noted Mexican bandit. While in his camp, she overhears a plan to attack an American city and army camp. She escapes with the aid of Pedro, a faithful servant and while a rescuing party, headed by Major Winston, U. S. army, Captain Rutledge of the Texas Rangers, who is in love with her, and Manuel Leon, son of her other guardian, American soldier. That night Pancho Lopez threatens Major Winston with exposure of misappropriation of funds left in his care unless he, Major Winston, forces Liberty to marry his son, Manuel. The Major refuses.

### FIFTH EPISODE

#### Love and War.

Liberty then stepped into the room. She found Pancho stretched across the table, while the Major was bending over him with his fingers clutched about the Mexican's throat. As she stood just inside the door, her gaze fixed on the two men, a shot was heard outside. The Major, hearing it, relaxed his grip and, turning, discovered Liberty. Immediately he released Pancho, who managed to get to his feet, still clutching the Major's notes. A deadly silence followed as the girl looked from one to the other.

The shot which was heard by the trio inside undoubtedly saved the life of Manuel, and the man who saved him was none other than his arch-enemy, Rutledge. Bob had been standing in the shadows near the entrance to the courtyard, after leaving Liberty, when he saw Therese approach Manuel. A heated conversation followed. He saw Manuel shove her away from him several times, but each time she returned.

As Rutledge watched he saw the hatred in the eyes of the Mexican for the girl who accepted his cruel treatment with sincere affection in every line of her countenance. He could not hear their words, but he knew the Mexican was in a rage, for he paced nervously back and forth, clenching his fists as Therese hurled threats at him. Then he saw the girl creep up to Manuel and whisper something in his ear. Instantly the fellow turned about and, raising his fist, was just about to strike her when Pedro, who had been lurking behind one of the bushes, ran up and, snatching his knife from his belt, raised it above the Mexican's back. As it started to descend Rutledge raised his gun and fired. It was an excellent shot and sent Pedro's weapon to the ground. The three turned and saw the ranger, who walked up to Manuel.

"I always thought you were a cur, and now I know it," said Bob as he shoved his gun back in its holster. But Manuel only sneered at his rival and then, snapping his fingers at the ranger, walked into the house. "What does this mean, Pedro?" asked Rutledge.

For answer Pedro looked down into the eyes of the frightened girl who had rushed into his arms for safety, and then led her away.

In the meantime the Major and Pancho were trying to explain their actions to Liberty. Finally, when she saw what a poor mess they were making of the whole affair, she crossed over to the Major.

"Major, I overheard what you were talking about, and . . . She paused for a moment. "I—I have decided to marry Manuel."

The Major took her in his arms. "I can't believe this, my dear child," he said in amazement.

"It is true," she said softly. "But Manuel and I were afraid, so we . . . that is we . . . wanted to be married before you left."

"Well, I'll be . . . blowed!" shouted the Major, as he looked down into the big eyes that were upturned to him. "You explain this to me," he continued. "I don't think you are telling me the truth."

"Some other time, Major; not now," answered Liberty.

"I cannot let you marry this man," said the Major thoughtfully. "If I did the spirit of your father would return to curse me. You will never know a moment's peace with this man. He will not treat you right, Liberty. I have never liked the sneaking look he carries around with him."

"Major, I cannot explain everything to you," said Liberty, as she raised her head and raised her handkerchief to her eyes. "All I can say is that I'm going to marry Manuel. It is my wish and, knowing that you have always tried to please me, I rely upon you not to stand in my way now."

"Liberty," he said with a tone of sadness in his voice. "If this is your wish I reluctantly give my consent; but I want you to know that this is the hardest thing you have ever asked of me." Then he tenderly placed his

the stranger is likely to be surprised by a cordial greeting from the sentry to come in and make himself at home. It is the old tradition of mountain hospitality.

Officers of this command say that no other regiment in the service can show a muster roll of men whose Americanism goes back two centuries. Colonel Allen W. Gullison, a Kentuckian and West Pointer transferred from

arm about her and pressed his lips to her forehead.

At that moment Pancho, who had left the room when Liberty entered, returned, and smiled with contentment as he glanced at them both. He knew he had won, and as Liberty turned from the Major and started to leave her prospective father-in-law started toward her with outstretched hands. "I am sure you are going to be happy," he said.

But she dashed by him and ran to her room.

"You see," continued Pancho, as he rubbed his hands and grinned at his partner. "I knew it would come out all right, Major. This has been a good day's work."

The Major was lighting a cigar. When he had finished he walked up to Pancho and, glaring into the cunning eyes of the Mexican, said:

"I don't know whether she loves him or not, but let me tell you something. If that scamp doesn't treat her right he'll have to answer to me, personally—do you hear? To me!"

Bent upon finding if there was anything wrong with his ward, the Major hurriedly left the room and went at once to Liberty's bedroom. He paused a moment outside and listened. Somebody was sobbing within. Without waiting to knock, he opened the door and stepped inside.

It was Liberty. As soon as he entered she raised herself and brushed the tears from her eyes.

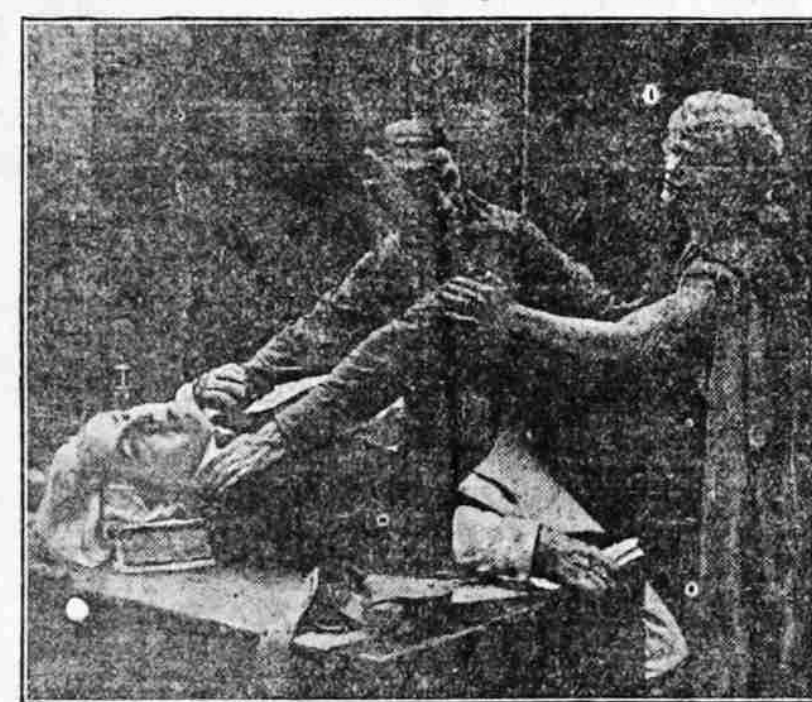
"What makes you so sad, my little pet?" inquired the Major, as he went over to her.

"I'm not crying because I'm sad," she replied, brokenly. "It's because I'm so happy."

It was anything but a merry wedding party that later in the evening made its way to St. Stephen's chapel, not far from the Horton estate. There was only Liberty, Manuel, Major Winston and Pancho Leon, and they walked in silence.

When they reached the chapel the padre was lighting the candles on the altar. To Liberty he seemed almost like an executioner who stood ready to take her life.

The Major noticed her nervousness



She Found the Major Bending Over Him With His Fingers Clutched Around the Man's Throat.

and stepped to her side. "Are you still of the same mind?" he asked her. She nodded her head.

Then the padre opened his book and requested Liberty and Manuel to kneel before the shrine.

Therese, who had heard of the intended marriage, rushed out of the house and learned that the wedding party were on their way to the chapel. Wrapping her shawl closely about her head she hurried after them. But Pedro, who of late had spent most of his time guarding the jilted girl, discovered her absence and followed her.

Upon her arrival at the chapel Therese saw the lights on the altar, and in the dim reflection the kneeling couple. Then she threw open the gate and was about to rush into the chapel when two strong arms closed around her. She fought madly to free herself, but the grip tightened. Turning, she looked into the face of Pedro.

The ceremony completed, the padre started to put out the candles as Manuel took Liberty by the arm and walked slowly out. As they reached the chapel yard Therese, whom Pedro was trying to urge away, took one look at the couple and then fainted.

After Manuel and Liberty had departed from the chapel Pancho took the Major's notes from his pocket and offered them to the Major, who made no move, but stood staring at the man who had brought about this unhappy affair. Then, when the Major refused to take them, he tore them up and threw them on the floor.

Then they silently left the place. The Major went at once to join Rutledge and the rangers, who had been ordered to meet Colonel Dalton's troops, which had started out to cross the border and capture the Mexicans responsible for the attack on Discovery.

Earlier in the day the colonel, who was encamped with his troops near the Horton estate, had received the following message from Washington:

Colonel Dalton,  
Commanding Troops D & K Calvary,  
Discovery, New Mexico.  
You are hereby ordered to move troops as per instructions. Cross the line and bring back parties responsible for attack on Discovery, dead or alive. This order is effective immediately upon its receipt.  
(Signed) GENERAL CRANSTON,  
Commanding Second Division United States Army.

The receipt of this order filled the

men become after getting used to the high-powered army rifle. They can hit moving targets, which is a thing that soldiers, trained on the rifle range fall at.

The mountaineers brought with them the reputation of gun fighters that is not altogether pleasing to them. It is true that many of the men come of families celebrated for feuds. But the feudists belong to

troopers with joy as soon as it was repeated around the camp.

What had become of the leader of the insurgents? was a question which puzzled Lopez, who had not seen him since he rode out of Discovery. The majordomo had taken refuge in an adobe shack not far from the town, and there, with his men, was waiting for the early hours of dawn. Then, when all was quiet, he intended to make a break across the border to find the chief of the insurgents. He had stationed pickets for a considerable distance along the road to warn him of any approaching troops, for he knew that when Washington learned of the happenings of the night before the government would take some drastic action. All day and during the evening he had kept messengers close to the camp of Colonel Dalton, watching every movement and waiting for the signal that would inform him the troops were preparing to cross the border.

Late that night, as Lopez paced back and forth impatiently, he heard the beating of horse's hoofs outside, which came nearer and nearer, until they came to a halt at his door. He pulled his gun as a means of precaution and waited to learn the identity of the rider. The door was thrown open and Lopez dropped his hand as he recognized one of his messengers.

"A fresh horse," said the man excitedly, "then see that this word gets to my compatriots: The gringos are coming. Be prepared to strike for a United Mexico!"

Although the Major had urged Manuel to join the rangers when they left, the latter refused. All he was thinking of was Liberty. He had won a tremendous victory. It was more satisfying to him than if he had killed Rutledge that day in the canyon. She was now his wife and nobody could take her from him.

These were some of the thoughts that ran through the mind of Manuel as he sat in his room, some hours after the ceremony. Then he suddenly recalled that he had not seen his bride since the wedding.

Accordingly he made his way through the house until he reached the

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### SIXTH EPISODE

#### The Desert of Lost Souls.

"I mean what I say!" exclaimed Liberty, as she gradually brought the knife nearer her breast and stared at Manuel in grim defiance.

He moved away from her and, seeing that his attempt to force her had failed, he grew calm and submissive.

"It is true I do hear your name," she said, "but I could never love and respect a man of your nature. You are deceitful, dishonest and could treat no woman—even your wife—fairly."

"You do me an injustice," he said as he dropped before her. "I love you with all my heart, and if you give me a chance I'll prove that I am worthy of your affection."

"Please do not speak of it again," she pleaded, as she raised a protesting hand.

He arose and walked slowly to the door. Reaching there, he turned and, with the aid of his old spirit which had now returned, shouted:

"You may love that fellow, Rutledge, and he may love you. But he will never get you honorably, for I will never permit you to leave me!"

Then he went out and slammed the door.

Therese, who had seen Manuel when he started for Liberty's room, had followed him, and with her ear at the door, she had heard every word that had passed between him and Liberty.

As he left the house and stepped into the courtyard she confronted him. "So you have cast me aside, as you said you would, for her?" she said, as she pointed to Liberty's room. "But she doesn't want you; she loves Rutledge."

"What business is that of yours?" he exclaimed as he stared in anger at the Mexican woman.

"You will find out when I tell her that—"

"You wouldn't dare," he challenged her, "you common—"

With that she whipped out her revolver. She was about to level it at him when he snatched it out of her hand and shoved it in his pocket.

"Can't you see I'm crazy about you?" she humbly pleaded as she stretched out her arms in an agonizing appeal.

But he sneered at her and then turned and walked across the courtyard.

Therese then went to Liberty's room, where she found her mistress nervously pacing back and forth. Intent on telling her the whole truth, the girl confronted Liberty.

"You have taken him from me," she said falteringly. "In the eyes of the law you are his wife, but in the eyes of God he is mine."

"What do you mean?" asked Liberty in surprise.

Then the poor girl, as Liberty listened attentively, unfolded the whole story of her intrigue with Manuel and of his deception.

Pedro had followed Therese when she left her room.

Liberty knew she would get the truth from him and, going over to where he stood, she laid one hand on his shoulder.

"Did you hear her story?" she asked.

Pedro nodded.

"Is it true?" she continued.

"She speak truth," answered the slave. Then he turned and ordered Therese to leave the room.

Then the full realization of her position dawned upon Liberty. She was the wife of a man who had used her as a mistress. The thought increased the hatred she had for him and she loathed him now more than ever. He was so unworthy to live. The only one who knew everything

and seemed to understand, was dear old Pedro, who now stood, like a faithful old animal, waiting to obey her.

Suddenly she turned. "Pedro," she said, "saddle the horses. We leave for the border tonight."

Now Lopez, having failed once before to secure Liberty's money, determined to make another attempt. Before leaving his shack he called his men about him and began making preparations to steal her again.

"Once before we tried to obtain the American girl's money to finance our cause," he said to the men as they gathered about him. "This time we will be successful. In order to make certain we will capture the whole bunch in the hacienda and make them all our prisoners. And, above all things, we must get that black dog, Pedro. I have a personal debt I want to pay him."

As the leader and his men left the hut they saw a dark figure turn the corner and make for the bushes. Two of his men made after him and a moment later they appeared, dragging along Pedro, who fought madly to free himself from the peons.

Then they started for the hacienda. They broke into the house and made Pancho and Manuel prisoners and hustled them outside, where they were placed under guard. Liberty was fully dressed when two of the band entered her room and ordered her to follow them. She refused. Then they grabbed her and, though she was able to put up considerable resistance, now that she had recovered the use of her injured arm, she was no match for them and they soon overpowered her and led her away to the hut.

As they passed through the courtyard Lopez, who was directing his men, saw her and grinned in satisfaction. "You see, Senorita, I cannot live without you. This time I do not think you escape so easily. Your Captain will not find you so quickly as he did before."

Arriving at the hut of Lopez, she was surprised to find that Therese had already been captured, and as they threw her in and locked the door she found the poor Mexican girl sitting moodily in one corner.

Presently the entire band returned to the hut. Lopez then sent two of

smoke, which arose from a clearing not far from the main road. They had just left a thick wood, and as they approached, Rutledge pulled up his horse and raised his field glasses. It was a camp of Mexican bandits. They were cooking some food, while their horses were grazing some distance away. Some of them were gambling; others were busy looking over their loot, while several were asleep under the trees. They had brought some of their victims with them, for, as he studied the field, Rutledge discovered a number of white women huddled together on the ground, their hands and feet tied and their faces wrapped in terror.

"They far outnumber us," said Rutledge, "for they have three to one; but we've got to attack them and save those women."

Then he ordered his men to dismount and, hiding their horses in the bushes beside the road, the rangers took their guns and crept cautiously down the hillside until they were within a few feet of the camp. Then they opened fire. Several Mexicans dropped, while the others picked up their guns and returned the fire of the rangers. A hot fight followed. The rangers fought under cover of the huge rocks, toward which the Mexicans rushed in the face of volley after volley, which soon thinned out their numbers. But Rutledge had lost several men, too, and it looked as though he stood in danger of being defeated. He and the Major tried to creep up on the Mexicans by dodging from one rock to another, but the furious fire drove them back each time.

Finally, during a brief lull in the fighting, Rutledge heard a bugle call on the road behind him, and as he looked around he saw a troop of cavalry dashing toward them. It was Colonel Dalton on his way across the border to break up the bands that had been sacking American towns. A few seconds later they reached the spot and sent their horses charging right into the Mexicans, scattering them in all directions and killing a large number of them. They finally drove them off and after making several of them prisoners they released the women and Colonel Dalton sent them to Discovery under escort.

After it was all over and the troop

ers had formed again on the main road Rutledge rushed up to Colonel Dalton and grasped his hand.

"You arrived just in time, Colonel," he said. "I had only one cartridge left."

"A fellow needs a carload of ammunition to fight those greasers," replied the Colonel, laughing; "they fire so damn fast."

"It's strange that you overtook us," said Rutledge. "We were on our way to join your troops."

"We would have been away beyond here," replied the officer, "but we had an argument with another band about a mile or two back there. There were only about two dozen of them and we defeated every one of them before we left. We've got orders to bring 'em back dead or alive, but if looks to me as though we'll leave most of them stretched out where we find 'em."

Then the Colonel rode to the head of his column, while Rutledge and the Major, followed by the rangers, fell in behind the troops, and they started again on the march. But had the brave ranger known of the danger Liberty was in at that moment he probably would have influenced Dalton to turn his troops about and, despite his orders from Washington, go with him to her rescue. And this, in spite of the fact that she had turned him aside for his greatest enemy.

But at that moment it looked as though Liberty would be able to effect her own escape, for, when she heard Lopez and his men move away from the hut, she peeked through a crack in the door and discovered he had left but one man on guard outside. Then she pounded on the door and as soon as it was opened by the guard she grabbed him and tried to throw him to the floor.

The door was now wide open and, as Therese, who had been sitting silently in one corner up until now, saw that she had a chance to escape, she lost no time in taking advantage of it. So, while Liberty was battling with the sentry, Therese rushed out and left her alone with him.

But the Mexican girl did not get far.

(END OF SIXTH EPISODE.)

scarcely an officer who can not claim kinship in the ranks. So, after all, they are in a way one large family. The men say they enjoy soldiering and have no complaints to make—not even against the climate.

Classes are being arranged at Westminster Technical Institute, London, England, for women actually employed as waitresses.

Relations between officers and men are so friendly that one officer, used to the discipline of the regulars, said they were too much so. But there is

around log fires and sing hymns in low tones, with one of their number as evangelist. Whenever they come together, their speech is quaint with Elizabethan words and pronouns, including the ancient pronoun "thou" for "it."

They are a quiet, business like lot of men, these mountaineers, good natured but with a large intermixture of seriousness. At night they gather